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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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4

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, September, 1916

No. 4

WE may well be profoundly grateful that the United States has been "too proud" to fight Mexico.

IF silence is golden the treasures of most of our American Peace Societies will be in flourishing condition when the war is over.

FOR years we have been spending more than \$200,000,000 on our Army and Navy. Who has paid the bills? You and I and the millions who have provided this money which has been raised by taxing the things we eat and use and wear. If we are so unprepared as we are told we are, who has our money?

WE are not of those deaf to the appeal of the suffering. Our sincerest sympathy is with the soldiers sent to guard our Mexican border, but it seems absurd that a country as rich as ours should permit it to become necessary for private individuals to solicit funds to provide for the needs of its soldiers and their families.

ENTITLED to Paradise according to Islam: The ass of Mohammed, the camel of Saleh, the calf of Abraham, the ram of Ishmael, the ox of Moses, the ant of King Solomon, the mule of the Queen of Sheba, the whale of Jonah, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and the spider that saved the Prophet in his flight by weaving its web across the cavern in which he had taken refuge.

IN no former war have the animals played so large a part as they have in this now raging. Besides the horses, mules and oxen, there are the dogs serving in many ways, the cats ridding the trenches of rats and mice, the carrier pigeons, and even the white mice of the submarines, which are taken aboard to give warning of any escape of gas. Well did Edward Everett Hale once say, "We are all in the same boat, animals and men."

ON Summer street, Boston, the other day we found a horse stalled with a load that he could handle well had it not been for a slight grade where smooth, wet flagstones at a crossing prevented his getting a footing. The driver was at his wits' ends. We asked four or five men to give us a lift on the wheels and away went the horse and his load. Men will always respond to such a call, though the driver generally hesitates to ask them.

A NEW INDIAN TRAIL

The following letter appeared recently in the *New York Herald*:

The idea of an Indian Day must strongly appeal to all patriotic Americans. We are realizing more fully the tragic past in the history of this noble race, whom we are now learning to honor and esteem. Could there be any more visible proof of the penitent regrets we wish to express than to build and dedicate to them a national highway which might well be called "the Indian Trail"? This work could be done in large part by convict labor. I should be very happy to offer \$20 as a first subscription to this great national expression of friendship to those who so long had reason to regard the paleface race as their enemies.

The writer of this letter, signing it with the initials "G. K.," will be recognized by many as one of the honored officers of the American Humane Education Society. The suggestion is so fine a one we devoutly trust it will be carried out.

F.H.R.

HONOR TO HIS MEMORY

THE *Boston Journal* of July 20, under the heading "To Be Kind," had the following editorial:

A young Boston man named Jeremiah Murphy died yesterday from injuries received when he was in the act of obeying the highest law of all humanity and all religion. He was trying to be kind.

There was a nest of baby birds high up on the roof of the building where Jerry worked. The nest fell into the street, and Jerry, like a good citizen of the world, wanted to do what he could toward setting things right. A mother bird is only a bird, of course; but then, she's a mother, too. Somehow it seemed as though that mother ought to have a fair chance to raise the little family that she'd worked so hard to keep alive in the miserable existence of city roofs. So Jerry climbed. And he fell — nine stories.

It's a strange balance — a man's life for a bird's happiness. We lords of the earth don't think much of the little lives around us.

But it wasn't such a bad way to die, after all. Kindness is kindness, whether it feeds a multitude or rescues a fledgling.

Don't we rather feel that we'd like to have known Jeremiah Murphy?

To every word of this tender and beautiful tribute to Jeremiah Murphy our heart responds. One thinks of Browning's line,

"All service ranks the same with God."

F.H.R.

I TRY to render happy my wife, my child, and even my cat and my dog.

ST. PIERRE

AND YET HE DIED

METCHNIKOFF, the celebrated scientist, is dead. So great was his fear of the cancer germ that the effort to dodge its approach must have spoiled life of much of its pleasure. Here are some of his directions about eating:

"Never eat uncooked fruit. Take bananas, for instance. People think that because they have a thick skin they are protected from microbes. Nothing of the sort. I plunge them into boiling water before eating. I always pass my knives and forks and spoons through a Bunsen burner before using. All dishes are cooked. Water is filtered and then boiled. I never eat uncooked fruit. Strawberries ought to be plunged into boiling water a few minutes before consuming. It sounds troublesome, doesn't it? But it helps to avoid cancer germs."

He lived to be seventy-one. Millions of others have lived longer who never heard of the deadly germs of which many today are in such mortal terror. To become obsessed with the idea that "the bugs will get you if you don't watch out," is to fall into a mental condition that must be more or less akin to monomania. Great geniuses escape these obsessions no less than ordinary mortals. A clever writer, referring to Metchnikoff's fear of the cancer germ, wonders how he kept his fingers constantly free from all possible infection, and says: It would be interesting to get a view of Metchnikoff's dining-room—or does he eat in his laboratory? A Bunsen burner and a sterilizing outfit must make an artistic and appetizing decoration for a buffet.

The unselfish devotion of this distinguished man must, however, command the honor of all who are familiar with his life's work no matter what their attitude toward his methods. To live simply, to surrender one's soul to what it holds a high task, to ignore all opportunities for personal gain, and to die poor—these are among the elements of greatness.

F.H.R.

UNWILLING TO ABANDON HIS CAT

ONE of the most touching of the war stories is that in an English humane journal of a young soldier, ordered to another section of the war, who, returning to the trenches for a cat he had befriended and to which he had become greatly attached, found his pet watching at a rat hole. As he stooped to take it up a shell destroyed both him and his pet. Had he been willing to abandon it he would have saved his own life, at least for the moment.

F.H.R.

The Dumb Animals' Heroine

By ONE WHO KNOWS

NO man is a hero to his valet," but some celebrities are *persona grata* to their dogs, and Commander Eva Booth of the Salvation Army is one of them.

As a popular speaker drawing and captivating large crowds Miss Booth has long been accustomed to vociferous applause, but on her return home this enthusiasm is vied with by an equally hearty welcome of a different kind, for her coming is the signal for frantic delight from the various creatures she has gathered around her. The little squirrels fed at her door, the birds which eat from her hand, the stray cats and dogs rescued by her intervention, with her household pets of kennel and aviary, adopt every means available to dumb creatures to express gladness.

From the earliest childhood this eminent member of an illustrious family has been the devoted friend of all animals. The only really severe scoldings she remembers can be charged to the account of some overdue consideration for a dog, a cat or a bird, to say nothing of that digestive wonder—the goat, or that unexciting specimen—the guinea-pig. A wise mother permitted pets of all kinds, which were cared for and loved by the children themselves, but these did not satisfy Evangeline. She had to go out into the highways and gather in strays, and the more they were maimed and neglected, the stronger was the appeal they made to her tender heart. Upon one occasion she was discovered to have brought in from the street a cruelly abused and sick cat, and after having bound up its wounds with great tenderness, she had laid it in her own white bed, with its horribly diseased head resting upon her own little pillow. We draw a veil over her pitiful and impotent indignation when some grown-up removed the patient in much haste.

With greater discretion but equal solicitude, we see this characteristic manifesting itself in maturer years. Here is a case in point, just outside her home:



COMMANDER EVA BOOTH OF THE
SALVATION ARMY

One day Miss Booth espied a tumble-down wagon drawn by a horse of the proverbial "bag o' bones" description. But the thing which excited her suspicion was a clumsy pad of sacking tucked between the harness and the horse's off-side. There is an indefinable something about the Commander which elicits obedience from all classes, great and small, bad and good, and the old man driver meekly followed her injunction to unhitch in her yard, and permit her investigations. As she expected, the search revealed an ugly and infected wound, caused by a brutal kick and further aggravated by dirt and neglect. The Commander at once took charge of the case, both as veterinarian and nurse. With her own hands she washed out the sore, thoroughly anointed it with antiseptic dressing, and then bound it up with a skill which left the old man speechless. In fact, this he was through most of the operation. A camera man who was around snapped Miss Booth in the act of admonishing the ancient driver upon the duty of caring for animals in general and his own poor beast in particular, and to him we are indebted for the highly characteristic scene here reproduced. Nor was this all. The man, after a comprehensive instruction upon the benefits of good treatment to his animals, and some coffee with bread and cheese, was sent off with a supply of bandages, information how to continue the treatment, and injunctions to bring the horse around for further inspection. This happened some weeks ago. Man and horse have faithfully reported and both are doing well.

From her childhood, Miss Booth has been an excellent rider, with equal facility in both the side-saddle and astride position. With great skill she can accomplish long distances at a stretch with surprisingly little fatigue, and to the uninitiated it is a problem how one so physically frail can stand such hard riding without harm. But to horsemen the fact presents no riddle. They know that they who ride properly ride with the minimum expenditure of effort. Miss Booth has ridden as many as fifty-six miles in one day without exhaustion.

Miss Booth's horsemanship, as well as all her other gifts, have been pressed into the service of her work. Long trips have been made to outlying stations, more especially during her years on the Canadian side of the border, and on both sides of the Atlantic the Commander in the saddle is a familiar figure in the foreground of great parades of religious and humanitarian interests.

A word may here be in keeping regarding the scene of the incident—Miss Booth's home.



MISS BOOTH AS VETERINARIAN

Owing to the arduous claims of her position, she has made her home outside of the suburbs of the metropolis, where the nights are quiet and the telephone bell not quite so insistent as in her New York office. One of the landmarks of the old-fashioned place is an old-fashioned well. This, contrary to advice, she would not have closed up. Her great, generous nature recognized at once that its refreshing cold water would be a boon to the thirsty laborer, or hot, over-worked horse passing by; and although it is just outside the door of her house, she has kept there buckets for beast and cups for man, drawn water for dogs and birds, as well as placed a rustic bench, and any and all are welcome to step up from the dusty road and get rest and refreshment, whether the Commander is at home or not.

The writer, who shared her home for fifteen years, thinks that those who know Miss Booth only as the great preacher or social worker or Salvation Army leader, have missed much.

How enviable in how many cases is the superiority of the beasts! . . . It proclaims realities which amaze us, so far are they beyond our own attributes. . . . Under the sickle of science will one day fall the sheaves whose grain would appear today as senseless paradoxes. Scientific dreams? No, if you please, but undeniable realities, affirmed by brute creation, which in certain respects has so great an advantage over us.

J. HENRI FABRE

To Paradise, the Arabs say,
Salan could never find the way
Until the peacock led him in.

LELAND

Ponyland

By PEARLE COYNER HISER

THE fondest dreams and most cherished ambitions of boys and girls may for the most part differ as widely as the poles themselves; but that they may some day possess and drive a pony of their very own—in this they are alike. Indeed, we should have strong grounds for doubting the normal development of any child who was stranger to such a desire. It may be often wise to curb a child's ambition, or refuse to gratify his wishes; but in this matter it is highly desirable to indulge his longing, if circumstances will by any means permit. Besides offering pleasant and healthful recreation, the possession of a pony teaches lasting lessons in love and kindness to all God's living creatures.

The development of the pony and its possibilities have been recognized only in recent years, with the result that pony farms have been established in various sections of the country.

One of the most prominent of these, probably the largest, is that owned and controlled by M. Irwin Dunlap, in beautiful Edgewood, near Greenfield, Highland county, Ohio. Mr. Dunlap, a young attorney, was led by his natural love of animals, combined with an acute business sense, to establish a farm for the raising of Shetland ponies. The Shetlands were chosen rather than the Welsh, for while similar in many respects, the Shetlands are more desirable in respect to size and appearance, and in disposition are gentler and more tractable. These latter qualities are most essential, as the great majority of ponies become the property of children and must be trustworthy. These stockily built little fellows are seldom more than forty-two inches in height, and their weight will scarcely average four hundred pounds. Although they are surprisingly strong, and can easily manage burdens apparently out of proportion to their size, and while their powers of endurance will permit their traveling forty or more miles a day, it is unwise as well as unkind to expect much of them until they are well matured. A pony of two or three years should be very carefully handled, and when he

is four or five years old he will amply repay this consideration. This, too, will guard against his becoming "sway-backed," obviously a most undesirable condition. Their period of usefulness exceeds that of ordinary horses, and it is not too much to expect moderate service from them even after they are more than twenty years old.

The Dunlap industry represents a growth of less than ten years. It began with the possession of a single animal. Now, hundreds are sold each year. The farms include more than eleven hundred acres. All the ponies are snugly housed during the severe winter weather in the colony system, which is the most successful with these loyal little creatures. In the early spring they are turned out into green pastures to thrive and multiply and prepare to bring happiness to childhood hearts. The hair, grown shaggy and rather unattractive, is smoothly clipped, and in two or three weeks sleek, well-groomed, contented ponies may be seen by the hundreds.

Training the ponies for driving is an interesting process, for to Mr. Dunlap cruelty to animals is a crime, and it is common knowledge among the employes that a man will be more quickly discharged for mistreating an animal than for almost any other offense. The ancient tradition that the way to "break" a horse is to wait till he is old enough to work and then beat him into submission, has been exploded here. Tiny colts are taught to lead, are handled and petted and put into small harness, and when old enough to drive, it is a simple matter to accustom them to the shafts and the rumbling of wheels behind them. Experience has proved that when thus trained, horses are more tractable and intelligent, and consequently more valuable than when conquered by force or cruelty.

A Shetland may be black, sorrel or gray, dappled, spotted or bay, and yet be an aristocrat; however, among the trainers the spotted are the favorites, especially those handsome fellows wearing a "saddle," a spot of color in



THE "MASTER" OF EDGEWOOD ASTRIDE
A REAL PRIZE WINNER

the center of the back entirely surrounded by white. They wash them every day, they say, to keep the white of them white, but the results repay the pains.

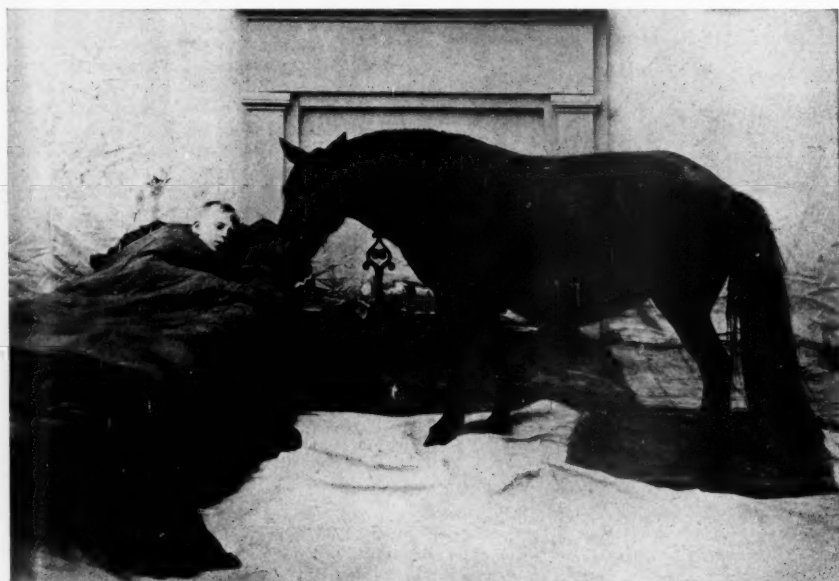
Many of these ponies are distributed through merchants' contests, and thus awarded, they have traveled to all parts of Canada and the United States, from Tacoma, Washington, to Florida, and from Maine to California and New Mexico, to welcome their fortunate, happy owners. The shipping might seem a strenuous experience, and indeed it is, at best; but there are many big men with big hearts in the service of the express companies, and these gentle little creatures have such a way of winning the hearts of all, that they are surprisingly well treated. Their crates are well supplied with hay (the recent foot and mouth disease laws forbade that for a while), a bag of oats is tied on, with a bucket from which to feed and to drink, then with a printed request tacked upon the crate that attention be given them, away they go. On very long trips, expressmen are instructed to remove them at intervals and give them a rest. Investigations have proved that these requests are well complied with.

Incidents are legion illustrating the intelligence of these pets and the love they bear their little owners. Altogether, the child must be hopelessly callous, whose consideration for animals is not developed by the possession of one of these interesting little pets. Barring the service they give as bearers of burdens and promoters of health, the love and devotion with which they repay the care bestowed upon them, and the kindness exercised toward them, should be ample compensation.

PEACE, peace, O men, for ye are brothers all—
Ye in the trench and on the shattered wall.
Do ye not know ye came
Out of one Love and wear one sacred name?

O, brothers, lift a cry, a long world-cry
Sounding from sky to sky—
The cry of one great word,
Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be heard,
A cry to break the ancient battle-pan,
To end in it the sacred name of man!

From "Peace," EDWIN MARKHAM



THE FAITHFUL "ALARM CLOCK" PONY

TO A BUTTERFLY

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

HAIL! wanderer of the summer-tide,
With bright wings light as air!
Who art thou, lovely garden guest?
Whence comest thou, what is thy quest,
What message dost thou bear?

O dainty thing, mayhap thou art
Some wee elf that doth deign
To sojourn from some far-off sphere
On visit to us mortals here
In thy aeroplane!

Some blossom that on borrowed wings,
To seek the upper light,
And make a summer holiday,
From out a bed of pansies gay
Hath taken sudden flight!

Whate'er thou art, or whence didst come,
From this or other world,
Oh, go thy way among the flowers
Through all the golden summer hours,
With gorgeous wings unfurled!

Yea, go thy way in happiness,
It surely were a sin
To prison thee, thou painted sprite,
Or gaze upon thy beauty bright
Impaled upon a pin.

When all the world is sick with strife,
And woe and want bedide,
It doth rejoice our hearts to see
Thy beauteous grace, thy dance care-free,
Thou joy personified!

FIREMEN SAVE A PIGEON

A CROWD may look complacently at birds or animals held prisoners in cages, far from the home where alone they can be happy, but not so when a pigeon, just a common, un-beautiful, all-the-year-round dweller of the city gets itself inextricably caught in some outside portion of a public building. It is then that the crowd looks pityingly at the little, distressed bird and would have it released from its captivity.

At the sight of a pigeon, fluttering for freedom but trapped in the coping of the big Filene building in the heart of Boston, men and women paused and waited while efforts were being made to set the captive free. Many telephone calls had informed the custodian of the building of the little bird's predicament and attempts were made to reach the bird, without avail.

It was Ladder 17 of the Fort Hill station of the Fire Department that came to the rescue. Not an unusual summons was it, for firemen, brave and humane, are prompt at the call for saving life. The big motor truck hurries to the scene and the tall hydraulic ladder is raised. Up goes a fireman to the top and in a few moments the work of rescue is done. Such an act of mercy is well entitled to receive the thanks of all the humane-hearted.

"I WANT to be excused," said the worried-looking jurymen, addressing the judge. "I owe a man five dollars that I borrowed, and as he is leaving town for some years, I want to catch him before he gets to the train, and pay him the money."

"You are excused," replied the judge, in icy tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

BIRD LIFE BETWEEN MARBLEHEAD AND BOSTON

BEFORE sunrise great numbers of crow blackbirds can be seen wending their way in groups of from four to twenty across the beautiful harbor of old Marblehead to the rich pastures, fields and meadowlands back of the town. At night the return journey is made, their sleeping place evidently being in the many dense trees on the Neck. As one leaves the town and passes westward these birds can be seen occupying the lowlands busily engaged in searching for their breakfasts. Among them, but claiming no special intimacy, particularly in the swale and marshy places, occasionally one sees the redwinged blackbird — so called from the brilliant splash of vermilion on the first joint of the wings — a member of the family, which, unlike the crow blackbird, builds its nest and rears its young in the meadows of New England. Feeding with the former, but much less in numbers, are seen the robins and, now and then, though a much shyer bird, the yellow-hammer, flicker, or golden-



BABY BLUE JAY

winged woodpecker, all three names being used to describe this beautifully plumaged creature. The first name mentioned results from the peculiar rat-a-tat-like cry, which, with one other sound, made while mating, is the only note uttered by this bird. In this group one can always see several types of the modestly gownned little sparrow just as busily engaged and enjoying his morning meal. Sometimes the quick and fleeting passage of the dun-colored catbird, from the thick shrubbery on one side of the road to the other, is noted if the eye be on the watch, but he always seems to be a non-companionable sort of a fellow, keeping pretty much to himself and out of sight.

On more than one occasion I have encountered a lordly cock pheasant taking an early morning stroll, and seeming not to mind very greatly the humming of the motor, since his flight would be but a short distance to the seclusion of some convenient swale or deep meadow grass. If the sun has arisen, nearly always the independent kingbird, with his dress of white and brown, can be found perched on the limb

of some sparsely covered branch, or, a favorite lookout, a telegraph wire, where he seems to be dividing his attention between some unfortunate early risers in insect life, or the appearance of some indiscreet crow whom he always looks upon as his own very special enemy, and whom he follows not infrequently thousands of feet into the air while endeavoring to torment and annoy him, though, beyond that, he does not seem capable of doing harm. Speaking of the crow, only a few mornings ago, much to my surprise, while driving along the ocean boulevard in Lynn, I observed two specimens of this familiar bird, one on the beach, the other complacently perched on the iron railing guarding the road, and, judging from the fact that he greeted me as I passed only a few yards away with raucous voice, in no way disturbed at my approach and passing.

This same experience, minus the greeting, was met with a mile or two nearer Boston, when I observed that active little combination of force and vigor, the kingfisher, resting on the top board of a fence which confines the boulevard between Lynn and the Revere Beach highways.

I have been surprised to note the absence of any of the predatory types of bird life in the localities in question, especially through Marblehead and Swampscott, and I should add the Lynn marshes, for only on two occasions have I seen members of the hawk family in evidence, despite the fact such an abundance of its legitimate prey abounds. Both were specimens known as the sparrow-hawk, and neither was at the time in pursuit of a victim. Being much shyer in their natures, and because of the presence of the creatures which go to make up their food in more remote localities, presumably they rarely venture into regions frequented by man. The same is true of the owl, though a patch of feathers along the roadside, evidently the non-edible remains of some domestic bird, seen not long ago, was proof of some early morning tragedy at the beak and claws of some one of the birds of prey.

Three varieties of the swallow family have been often seen between Marblehead and Swampscott — the chimney-swallow, great numbers of which live in the chimneys of the old houses in the former place; the barn-swallow, whose home was probably in the outbuildings in the near-by farming territory, and the little white-bellied sand, or bank-swallow, who possibly may have come from as far away as the sand-dunes of Annisquam for a morning journey. On two occasions only have I met with the familiar blue jay, and once only the less widely known waxwing, or, as he is known to the farm lad, the cherry-bird — a very appropriate name, since his chief fondness is for the wild cherry, which, strangely enough, he prefers to the luscious domestic fruit. It has also always been a matter of surprise to me not to have ever met with the cheerful and companionable little bobolink, or, as he is known in the South — both on the inside as well as the outside of man's stomach — the redbird. My impression is that his natural habitat is further inland, the salt air being unpleasant to him.

However, to the lover of bird life, and to the close observer of these wonderfully interesting little creatures, those enumerated above, nearly all of which can be seen and studied to one's full desire, I would certainly recommend any pleasant summer morning, an early, but leisurely, journey through the countryside in the localities specified, since there they will be found.

JAMES BROWN THORNTON, M.D.

The Beaver at Work and Play

By WINTHROP PACKARD

THE beaver is the original engineer of the woods and it is appropriate that America's most noted technical school should choose the animal for its emblem. For the beaver is a builder of canals, tunnels, dams, roads, houses, a worker in wood and earth. No graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology does better work in his own world than the beaver in his, nor is anyone of them his superior in industry. He is a strict vegetarian and a model of good-will toward all. Indeed, if it were not for his action toward the muskrat one might think him a veritable four-footed Quaker in his non-resistance to evil.

Predatory animals of the woods eat the beaver, from the panther to the otter; the beaver eats none, but when the muskrat invades his ponds and burrows in his dam, making holes that wreck his engineering, he rises in his wrath and kills the muskrat if he cannot drive him away. This ought to seem allowable even in a very pronounced pacifist.

Not long ago the Massachusetts Institute of Technology celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in many ways, some of them very solemn and dignified as befits so great a technical school, others jovial enough to please any undergraduate. One day of jollity was at Nantasket Beach, where class after class did "stunts" for the admiration of the great throng assembled. In one of these "stunts" the Tech beaver figured, a most imposing animal—some thirty feet long—which moved majestically up the beach activated by concealed man-power.

The beaver has been of great commercial value to mankind since the country was first settled. One of the first shipments which the pilgrims sent back to England contained quantities of beaver pelts. The little animals dwell in icy waters most of their lives and their under fur is singularly soft, firm and impervious to cold. The value of this fur has made "civilized" man the beaver's worst enemy, and has resulted almost in its extinction.

The beaver were once numerous throughout the United States with the exception of the lower part of Florida and some arid stretches of the great Southwest. Now he who would see one alive outside the zoo must go to the headwaters of the most inaccessible streams and be both fortunate and persistent.

One shudders to think of the centuries of cruelty toward these gentle and lovable animals and may well pause to wonder if the gain in fur value has not been more than offset by loss to mankind in other ways. For the beaver



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

THE BEAVER, FIRST AND GREATEST CONSERVATIONIST OF OUR WATER SUPPLY, NEARLY EXTERMINATED, BUT, UNDER PROTECTION, SAID TO BE "COMING BACK" IN OUR MOST REMOTE FORESTS

was one of the most potent forces for the preservation of our water supply that existed. Never a small stream flowed through a level meadow but beaver had built a brush and mud dam across it and thus strung ponds along it like a rope of pearls. These ponds held the waters in storage from the mountains to the sea along all small streams and were of inestimable value in stopping freshets and allaying droughts. One cannot study a small stream in the country today without finding the indisputable evidence of this work, and the nomenclature is full of beaver dams, brooks, meadows and ponds. To kill such an animal for his fur is to commit a crime against conservation.

Man is beginning to recognize this now, in part at least, and in many States the beaver is now a protected animal, so far as the law goes. Unfortunately the destruction has gone so far that the only survivors dwell in remote streams where the law if known is not obeyed. Beaver skins may still be sold in the fur markets and so long as this condition exists the beaver cannot increase. Indeed, for most of us, he is an extinct animal. We may see the long mounds where once his dams were and the peat meadows which were once his pond bottoms all grassy and flower flecked today. But the gentle, shy, industrious animal is gone from our familiar woodlands, probably forever. That these interesting animals make fine pets is told well by Enos A. Mills in his interesting book, "In Beaver World":

"One autumn, when following the Lewis and Clark trail with a pack-horse in western Montana, I made camp one evening with a trapper who gave me a young beaver. He was about one month old, and ate twigs and bark as naturally as though he had long eaten them. I named him 'Diver,' and in a short time he was as chummy as a young puppy. Of an evening he played about the camp and often swam

in the near-by water. At times he played at dam building and frequently displayed his accomplishment of felling wonderful trees that were about the size of a lead pencil. He never failed to come promptly when I whistled for him. At night he crouched near my camp, usually packing himself under the edge of the canvas on which I spread my bedding. Atop the pack on the horse's back he traveled,—a ride which he evidently enjoyed. He was never in a hurry to be taken off, and at moving time he was always waiting eagerly to be lifted on. As soon as he noticed me arranging the pack, he came close, and before I was quite ready for him, he rose up, extending his hands in rapid succession begging, and with a whining sort of muttering pleaded to be lifted at once to his seat on the pack.

"He had a bad fright one evening. About one hour before sundown we had encamped as usual alongside a stream. He entered the water and after swimming about for a time, taking a dozen or so merry dives, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he busily dug out roots of the Oregon grape and then stooped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. Diver dodged, and the coyote missed. Giving a wail like a frightened child, my youngster rolled into the stream and dived. Presently he scrambled out of the water near me and made haste to crawl under my coat tail behind the log on which I sat.

"The nearest beaver pond was a quarter of a mile upstream, yet less than five minutes had elapsed from the time of Diver's cry when two beaver appeared, swimming low and cautiously in the stream before me. A minute later another came in sight from downstream. All circled about, swimming cautiously with heads held low in the water. One scented the



THE GREAT "TECH" BEAVER AS SEEN AT NANTASKET BEACH

place where the coyote had attacked Diver, and waddled out and made a sniffing examination. Another came ashore at the spot where Diver came out to me. Apparently his eyes told him I was a part of the log, but his nose proclaimed danger. After three or four hesitating and ineffectual attempts to retreat, he plucked up courage and rose to full height on hind legs and tail to stare eagerly at me. With head well up and fore paws drooping, he held the gaze for several seconds and then gave a low whistle.

"At this Diver came forth from behind my coat to see what was going on. The old one started forward to meet him, but on having a good look at me whirled and made a jumping dive into the water, whacking the surface with his tail as he disappeared. Instantly there followed two or more splashes and a number of tail-whacks upon the water, as though a beaver rescue party were beating a retreat.

"At the end of my outing Diver became the pet of two pioneer children on the bank of the Snake river. He followed the children about and romped with them."

"OLD CHARLIE" GETS VACATION

RESTFUL and happy will be the latter days of a horse who has carried his master, a Florida doctor, over forty thousand miles and enabled him to make his professional calls for more than twenty years.

Old Charlie is well past the age when every horse ought to receive some earthly reward for his long and faithful labors. He is thirty-two, well preserved, if toil-worn, for the blood of Blue Grass stock courses through his veins, and he has received as good care as a horse that has been on the go, both night and day, could reasonably expect.

Charlie belongs to Dr. W. R. Hughlett of Cocoa, Florida, whose practice has taken him all over the Indian river section. Together have the doctor and his horse traveled the sand roads to reach the bedside of the infant and the aged, and when business was dull often was Charlie called upon to haul big loads of tourists to points of interest.

It is said that Old Charlie, whose retirement was recently marked with a two-column account in the paper printed where he lives, was never whipped; that he always stood without hitching; that he never offered to kick or bite; that he loves children and has allowed them to clamber all over him, being the gentlest of horses, and that he has friends without number.

A vacation from now on is his well-earned reward, which means rest and comfort, friendly pats and greetings and choice tid-bits in plenty for good Old Charlie.

IT IS TO LAUGH

AN exchange publishes a few instances of publicity errors which are decidedly amusing. For instance:

Sign in bakery window: "Home-made pize."

Card in restaurant: "Small steak, 20 cents. Extra small steak, 25 cents."

Advertisement in poultry journal: "Plymouth Rock hens ready to lay \$1.25 each."

From a prepared-roofing ad: "Its bright-red color is permanent and will remain permanent."

A Milwaukee paper informs us that "John Huckbody of Wausau lost thirty chickens by freezing to death."

On a coupon: "The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to one of our beautiful photographs."

ROADSIDE SPRINGS

BY JAMES D. BURTON

DRIVING on a summer's day among the green, wooded hills of Tennessee, it is a pleasure to come to a spring of pure water such as you find at "Brookcroft" in Morgan county. It is accessible to the roadside, and here man and beast quench their thirst.

The location of this spring is especially inviting by reason of shade, coolness, and beautiful landscape. Rustic seats invite many pilgrims to rest. The hills are heavily wooded with white oak, dogwood, maple, hickory, persimmon, hemlock, elm, mulberry, chestnut, sycamore, white pine and holly. Happy Hollow creek at this point is lined with native ferns, mountain laurel and rhododendron.

The woods about "Brookcroft" are made lively by the presence of the redbird, wren, catbird, robin, humming-bird, quail, scarlet tanager, swallow, and many other varieties of feathered friends.

A SCENE IN CAMP

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

THE sun was setting and the horses stood Upon the field where soldiers, khaki clad, Tired and footsore from cross-country hike, Lay prone upon the grass ere taps should call To tents and blankets. Nancy gave a low, Soft, whinnying cry, and then she looked around, Expectant, for the hand in which she'd nosed For sugar when her hard day's work was o'er. Up from the grass sprang one who thought of home, And horses stabled in hay-scented stalls. Across the camping-ground swiftly he sped; And, hand on neck, spoke to the horse in tone She understood; for, laying her cool nose Against his cheek she whinnied as, to say, "I knew you'd come." The youth stood by her side Till drum taps sounded. Thus the brown eyes gazed Into each other. Nancy's dream of home Was visioned in the eyes that met her own. Neither might know when they that home would see, Yet each had found a friend and company.



THE SPRING AT "BROOKCROFT," MORGAN COUNTY, TENNESSEE

"Brookcroft" is the name of the residence to which this roadside spring belongs. The bungalow is hidden away in a beautiful mountain ravine. It is located on the new Harriman-Oakdale pike, and many travelers on this highway stop at the spring for water and to rest. The surroundings offer contentment, and hurry and turmoil are forgotten. Deeper thirst than that which rises from the heat and dust of the way are here quenched.

Here tired mothers and children find a pleasant place to stop and rest. The cattle on the mountains come to this stream to drink. The writer has been repaid many times for the small outlay of money on the spring at "Brookcroft." It is a pleasure to serve humanity in this manner.

Not every region has hillside springs, but it is a good thing to make them accessible where possible along roadsides. If I were a road commissioner I would have all springs of pure water put in first-class condition where the owners would permit their use by the traveling public. With a trifling expenditure of time and money the water of springs could be conveyed to roadside locations where it would be of great value to both man and beast.

NOT ALWAYS HUNGER

IT might be thought from the looks of many a stall that the horse suffered from hunger. The wood-gnawing horse, however, is not necessarily the starved horse. The *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago, contains the following which we reproduce for what it is worth:

If your Wheeling, West Virginia, subscriber will give his horses a tablespoonful of finely ground charcoal in their feed twice a day they will stop gnawing wood. There is something in the wood that the horse seems to crave and charcoal takes the place of it. Feed it until the horses stop gnawing.

Stark Co., O.

BERT ARMSTRONG

If your West Virginia scribe will get some grass sods from limestone soil and put them in his feed boxes they will stop his horses from eating wood. I had a similar experience with some young colts one winter. The sods cured them.

Washington Co., Pa.

J. F. TROVILLO
F.H.R.

TO A WOODS' WREN

BY W. F. LEAVELL

TINY bird, so wee, but friendly,
As you hop about so near,
With your plaintive notelet clear;
It is well the woods are quiet,
Else I had not known you here.
Miles from human habitation,
How so free from trepidation?
Why your pert investigation,
And for me your lack of fear?

You, of birds, if not the smallest,
Are most wonderfully frail;
But the pride that you exhale
Worthy is of something larger.
If criteria do not fail,
You're indulging in reflection:
"Smallness is itself protection;
But take note of my perfection—
It took years to grow this tail."

Animalled, feathered atom,
As a bluffer you excel;
How you perk and strut and swell,
As you look askance, so knowing,
From the brush heap where you dwell!
Though, in truth, your look pedantic
Seems to me a joke gigantic,
And I smile at each brave antic;
Little bird, I wish you well.

FAWN WITH BROKEN LEG

WE are very glad to publish the following letter from a great lover of animals, in Worcester, Massachusetts:

On the afternoon of June tenth Arthur Bowie drove into the Northboro woods for a load of wood. After he had passed over a part of the old wood road he heard a plaintive little bleat which brought him to his feet. Leaving his team he returned to the underbrush through which he had just driven, and after making a thorough search, discovered a small fawn with one hind leg badly shattered. Just how this came about will never be known, but it is supposed that one of the wheels of the wagon caught the fawn as he crouched to conceal himself.

After the discovery Mr. Bowie took the fawn in his arms and carried him to the home of Mrs. Edwin Lawrence who, with her family of fine country children, does much to add to the comfort of all dumb creatures, especially in the winter time, when both birds and beasts come to the Lawrence farm, which is located well in the woods, to seek the help they know by experience will be forthcoming.

Mrs. Lawrence saw at once the need of assistance and telephoned to Elmer Macker, game warden, North Grafton. Mr. Macker, realizing the urgency of the case, went at once to the Lawrence farm and personally conducted the fawn to Worcester, to the hospital of Dr. George P. Penniman. Here the little creature again found a kind friend in Dr. Penniman, who immediately took charge of him and has had him under his personal care ever since.

Progress to normal health has been very satisfactory and rapid when the nature of the injury is considered. A few days ago Dr. Penniman etherized the fawn with the intention of using silver wires if the knitting of the bone was not progressing, but to his joy found it to be doing finely, so the splint and bandage were replaced for a few weeks longer. In the meantime the patient enjoys his surroundings and the many visitors who come to greet him,

not a few of which are children. No time has the fawn shown any fear of his benefactors, but enjoys licking the hands of his friends much as a dog does.

Owing to his tender age a nursing bottle had to be used to administer food, and this method for sustenance was very quickly learned by the little patient. He frequently demonstrates his impatience and good appetite when he sees his faithful attendant Chester, who is shown in the accompanying snap-shot, approaching with food.



FEEDING THE INJURED FAWN

Game Warden Macker is planning to take the fawn to his farm in North Grafton after he is entirely recovered. There he will find spacious and comfortable quarters on the Macker farm, which will be well guarded from molesters in the shape of man or beast.

The incident of the fawn shows the possibilities of great results when the chain of human kindness is unbroken. M.S.F.

GO TO THE BIRDS, THOU SLUGGARD

BY ALEXANDER POPE

IF the scriptural injunction, "go to the ant, thou sluggard," should be changed to, "go to the birds, thou sluggard," I think a much more desirable example of intelligent industry would be suggested for the sluggard to emulate. To be sure an ant is never still, but to the casual observer he does not seem to accomplish much. Of course the scientific observer knows what they actually accomplish, but the ordinary person is inclined to agree with Mark Twain in his conclusions about ants, which he arrived at after spending a great deal of time observing them when "he had much better have been doing something else." If I were going to suggest a model for the sluggard to emulate, I should suggest any one of our common birds after their young are hatched in the early summer. They are examples not only of tireless activity, but of intelligent work.

A pair of field-sparrows built their nest on my lawn this year, and when the grass was cut the first time, with a scythe, being too long for the lawn-mower, the man who cut it found this nest, and marked it with a twig, and very considerably left a tuft of grass about two feet in diameter around it. As the summer residents' cats had not yet arrived, these birds were able to raise their whole brood. These industrious little workers were busy from daylight until dark, dropping insects into the four gaping

mouths, the male sharing the duties of providing food equally with the female. One of the parents would fly off a short distance, and returning with a tiny moth or fly, light on the twig and then pop down into the nest, reappear immediately to allow its mate to contribute what she had gathered and start off again after more insects. As all the mouths of the hungry little brood were opened to their fullest extent on the arrival of one of the old birds, it must require something like memory for the parents to decide which mouth was next in turn to be fed.

Robins are another instance of unselfish devotion and tireless activity. All day long they are on my lawn, hopping three or four feet, stopping a few seconds, cocking their heads on one side to look for a worm that has incautiously allowed its head or its tail, whichever it is, to protrude slightly above the ground, and having seen one they seize and pull and tug until it is brought out entirely whole. When I used to go fishing and dug worms for bait, I found the greatest difficulty in getting a worm out whole, although half its length might be exposed, but a robin can pull and tug and he never breaks it. How fortunate it is that human beings don't require as much animal food in proportion as the robins! During this high cost of living it would be quite a strain on the head of a large family to provide them with half a ton of beef, more or less, every day.

Another industrious and indefatigable little worker for the sluggard to copy as far as activity goes, but in no other way, is the English sparrow. He is certainly unpopular and deservedly so, but there is no denying his capacity for work or his indomitable perseverance. He is not an artistic builder or a desirable neighbor, like his cousins the field, vesper, chipping and song-sparrows, but he is no less a worker. He builds a very unsightly nest, much larger than seems to be necessary, and if, after completion, it is torn down, he starts right in again to rebuild, and if destroyed a second or even a third time, he persistently keeps at work until he finally conceives the idea that he is not wanted in that particular place.

Of all the birds that I am acquainted with, the only one I happen to know that is absolutely devoid of all maternal affection is the cow bunting. This detestable bird neglects all family duty by laying its eggs, as everyone knows, in some smaller bird's nest, and when hatched by the motherly little one, it often crowds out the other legitimate occupants of the nest, and is carefully raised by its foster-mother. Its own mother, in the meantime, is having a good time in an adjoining pasture, following the cows, and gorging herself on crickets and other insects which the cows scare up as they graze. These birds not only neglect to feed and care for their young, but are too lazy to hunt for their own food, and allow the cows to do that for them. I once heard a noise near my house which I thought was made by a young robin, but investigation proved it to be a young cow bunting. It had evidently just left the nest, and was flapping its wings and crying for food, which a little chipping-sparrow, that had brought this thing into the world by sacrificing her own brood, was endeavoring to supply. My first instinct was to shoot the interloper, but on second thoughts I decided the little chippy was proud of her big baby, and it would be a disappointment to her to lose him. It seems as though a bunting, if it is going to play such a trick on some other bird, might at least select one of its own size. In advising the sluggard to emulate the birds, we must certainly make an exception of the cow bunting.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, September, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 1200 words in length.

PLUNDER AND POLITICS

THERE is no question in the mind of those familiar with the facts that through political chicanery the Government, that is the people who pay the taxes, is annually robbed by corporations which are as guilty of stealing as the highwayman and the burglar.

Congressman Quin, of Mississippi, dared to assert in Congress, recently, that the rifles manufactured by the Government cost it \$16; that those bought from private factories cost it \$27 — identically the same gun. He continued:

This machine gun which you have read about, that weighs 32 pounds, cost \$1200, purchased from private factories. As to the little tripod and the pack that goes on the mule's back, great statesmen on that committee inquiring about it discovered that a tripod that Sears & Roebuck, of the gentlemen's own town, would supply for about 30 cents, is supplied by this gun manufacturer at \$300, and that the little pack that goes on the mule's back costs the Government \$500 at the hands of a private factory. Any man who ever used a shotgun, and who is a judge of arms, knows that the machine gun, weighing 32 pounds, and a little tripod or pair of tongs to hold it up, is worth about \$75, but, manufactured by these people and sold to Uncle Sam, it costs the taxpayers of this Republic \$1200!

When we know that every year for a decade we have spent upon our navy many more millions than any other nation save Great Britain, it is plainly evident that no small part of these millions have gone into the treasuries of private corporations whose propaganda just now in behalf of "preparedness" and a "larger patriotism" is too transparent to be even amusing. F.H.R.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

IN 1901 Mr. Angell wrote in *Our Dumb Animals*: "We do not believe that President McKinley will be anxious to get us into a war with Germany (and perhaps all Europe), but if he should happen to die and our fighting Vice-President come into his place, what would happen then the Lord only knows."

"He would probably be anxious to fight all Europe to shut them out from land to which we have not a shadow of title, and so get us into a war which, after vast destruction of human and animal life, would probably result in our paying a thousand millions of dollars (or so) for our folly."

PLEASE read the article, "Your Christmas — Their Christmas," in this issue, and plan to put the idea into practice.

A WORD FROM THE WORKERS

WE quote a sentence or two from the monthly reports of the representatives of the American Humane Education Society, nearly all of whom are giving their entire time to the Society:

Columbia, S. C.

"For the last two years I have delivered on an average two lectures a day. July 4th I am expecting an audience of from two to three thousand people at Alcolu. I used my automobile last week and traveled 226 miles in it, reaching communities that are away from railways."

RICHARD CARROLL

Richmond, Va.

"I have just returned from what is known as the Tidewater Section of the State, where I attended a large convention and represented our work, which was received with much interest and highly endorsed. I had engagements at Hampton Institute and the graded schools, but was forced to give them up temporarily because of illness."

MRS. E. L. DIXON

Boise, Idaho.

"Am sending out literature, writing and interviewing teachers, superintendents, clergymen and others in positions of influence. By comparison with the results of my efforts of a year ago I can see our work is progressing. Am seeking now, with a picked committee, promised to go with me, to secure the endorsement of the State Superintendent of Schools for humane education."

MRS. J. R. NICHOLS

Washington, D. C.

"I am sending report of thirty-four Bands of Mercy organized in the schools of Alexandria, Virginia, during the past two weeks. You will see the Bands average in number from 35 to 70."

MISS MARY HARROLD

Palo Alto, Calif.

"I am sending in copy of the press material mailed to editors" (nearly 400). "I shall start an additional set of humane education slides on their way at once. There are a great many invitations to speak on peace which I am glad to accept."

MRS. ALICE PARK

Savannah, Ga.

"At Americus, 2nd to 12th, organized twelve Bands of Mercy and secured appointment of a Humane Education Committee. At Cordele, 14th to 19th, addressed Woman's Club of Cordele. A Humane Education Committee was appointed. Addressed white Sunday-school and colored church. At Vienna, 20th to 23rd, spoke at closing school exercises, made talk at a religious meeting, spoke at Woodmen of World Convention."

MRS. L. T. WEATHERSBEE

Harriman, Tenn.

"I traveled over a large territory during the month of June and presented the work of the American Humane Education Society before a number of conventions, schools and institutes. The Scott County Sunday-school Convention was one of the largest gatherings in which I ever had part. I was on the program for two addresses."

JAMES D. BURTON

Fort Worth, Texas.

"Conventions visited 4, churches 5, Sunday-schools 2, summer normal schools 2, summer schools 2, addresses made 22, literature distributed, 450 leaflets, miles traveled 344."

"One minister whom I visited last year refused to let me speak before his church, saying, 'My church has more important things to give ear to.' I left him some literature. He has been converted to our cause, and now invites me to come and address his people."

F. RIVERS BARNWELL

Salem, Ohio.

"I am now working in churches, farmers' meetings, granges, etc. I find where a pastor comes every other Sunday they are glad to have me address them. I call my lecture 'The Modern Christianity.' I have many opportunities in hotel parlors where I am invited to speak to outline the work of the American Humane Education Society, and apparently my words are greatly enjoyed."

MRS. VIRGINIA S. MERCER

San Diego, Calif.

"I am spending three days a week now at the Exposition helping Mrs. Reynolds with the exhibit and humane literature. In the meantime I am meeting many teachers and keeping in touch with the schools."

MRS. RACHEL C. HOGUE

Lackey, Ky.

"I have just finished visiting twenty schools in the mountains and made twenty-five addresses. There is a world of work here for an educational missionary. I stick pretty close to my text of humanity and kindness. I also advocate cleanliness, cheerfulness, good schools and good roads. I have also formed forty-one Bands of Mercy, for which you will kindly send the literature."

JOHN BURKE

Bath, Maine.

"I spent a week and a half about Portland in the interests of the 'Be Kind To Animals' Week, three days being given to the State Congregational Conference. I went to every school in the city below the High School and talked with the principals and teachers, and talked with them about how to form our Bands. No outsider is allowed in a class-room."

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

What is being accomplished by these faithful missionaries in the great cause of humane education no man can measure. To what organization can those interested in humane education give their money with so sure a confidence of its fulfilling its mission as to this Society? Mr. Angell used to say, "We believe the time is coming when our American Humane Education Society will attract the attention and sympathy of thousands of humane people in our country, and will receive, as some of our great denominational missionary societies do, an annual income of from half a million to a million dollars." The work of this Society founded by Mr. Angell has grown with great rapidity during the last few years, but we sorely need that income which his heart of faith believed would some day come. F.H.R.

OUR NEW SCHOOL COMMISSIONER

WE beg to extend congratulations to Dr. Payson Smith, former head of the education board in Maine, who has become commissioner of education in Massachusetts. We understand that Dr. Smith, during his school days, was a member of the Band of Mercy. Already, in response to a communication, he has expressed his kindly interest in the American Humane Education Society.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

ALFRED BOWDITCH LAURENCE MINOT
THOMAS NELSON PERKINS

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100

NOTICE:—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

Prosecuting Agents in Boston

JAMES R. HATHAWAY, *Chief Agent*
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HARVEY R. FULLER DAVID A. BOLTON
(THOS. LANGLAN)
FRANK J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. } *Veterinarians*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	2861
Number of prosecutions.....	30
Number of convictions.....	28
Horses taken from work.....	149
Horses humanely destroyed.....	108

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined.....	13,980
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	71

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2000 from the estate of Miss Mary Shannon of Newton, \$500 from Mrs. S. E. P. Forbes of Byfield, and \$100 (additional) from Mrs. M. C. C. Wilson of Cambridge. It has received gifts of \$100 each from Dr. W. L. R., Mrs. G. S. S. and R. M.; \$50 each from Mrs. M. K. B. and "a friend"; \$20 each from E. A. H. and R. S.; and, for the Vacation Home for Horses, \$25 from Miss A. F. H.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Seth R. Boyden of Foxboro, Nahum Godfrey of Easton, and Mrs. Pamela J. Tower of Springfield.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a bequest of \$188 from "a friend." It has received \$214.94 from "a Rhode Island friend," \$100 from Mrs. G. G. W., and \$85.59 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature.

Boston, August 8, 1916.

HORSES WATERED IN BOSTON

DURING the month of July the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with its watering stations and its two traveling water carts, watered 69,810 horses in the city of Boston.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.,
Assistant Chief Veterinarian

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } *Visiting*
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.

Treatment for sick or injured animals

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Small Pet Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
Telephone, Brookline 6100

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Cases entered.....	217
Dogs.....	126
Cats.....	34
Horses.....	55
Bird.....	1
Bear.....	1
Operations.....	81

Free Dispensary

Cases.....	306
Dogs.....	187
Cats.....	101
Horses.....	13
Birds.....	4
Bear.....	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915.....	3216
Free Dispensary cases.....	4122
Total.....	7338

MRS. WM. W. WARREN

MRS. REBECCA BENNETT WARREN, who became a life-member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in 1888 and who was one of our staunchest friends and supporters, passed away on Sunday, July 31, at the age of ninety-seven. Mrs. Warren was very prominent in Unitarian circles, her benevolence extending especially to the Young Men's Christian Union and to the Morgan Memorial church of this city. Countless other good causes were the recipients of her generosity, both before and after her death. She liberally remembered our Society in her will.

The funeral was held in the Second (Unitarian) church, Boston. The beautiful, simple service included personal testimonials by her pastor, the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and the Rev. Edward A. Horton, who gave intimate glimpses of the sweetness of her character. Mrs. Warren was the widow of Mr. William W. Warren, a Boston merchant who died twenty-five years ago.

THERE is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul.

RUSKIN

NEVER lose your temper. Nobody wants it: all have enough of their own.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

Vacation Home Gift Shop

is located in Brookline, Massachusetts, at 386 Washington Street, where plans are going forward for a wholly new lot of gifts the coming season.

We thank those who have helped, and those who will help in the future, to make the Vacation Home for horses a reality. When another September comes, we hope the farm may be ours; that many horses will have had there an outing; we know full well those horses will return to work better and stronger and more physically able to meet the pitiless grind of city streets.

All you who have surcease from labor, know how valuable a real rest is; what it means; how it helps. The horse knows, too, but cannot speak. Visitors to our hospital are amazed to see, just hereabouts, how many horses there are whose condition cries aloud for rest, and these are but a few of the legion in distress.

Look at the horses on the street, along the road, anywhere, everywhere, with tired faces and aching legs and feet, asking dumbly for rest—rest for a few days. Such a rest for a horse will add value in dollars, in health, and in strength.

This is what the Vacation Home Fund means and with such a goal it should not be long in uncertainty.

The Vacation Home Band of Mercy, with 600 little folks, is helping.

The Mile o' Dimes is successful.

The Krinklet tea cake cutter for \$1.25;

The inside Clothesline Reel for a quarter, are selling well.

Holiday cards will be a feature and may also be had by mail.

The Gift Shop is a boon.

Subscriptions to these magazines add a trifle occasionally: *The Craftsman*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Country Gentleman*.

Address, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, (Telephone, Brookline 6756-W), who has charge of all business connected with this part of the Society's work.

Ever and always

"Be Kind to Animals"

SENTIMENTALISM

SOME people make light of sentiment, some even go further and make jest of it. With the mixture of wickedness and cruelty in this beautiful world, the conditions would be far worse were there not sentimentalists, so-called, to persevere in their efforts to have their ideals endure; not for a day or a year, but to the end of time. To carry out the thought, the impulse, the ideal, as one sees such, counts as a lasting tribute in this world and in the hereafter. Where there is not a semblance of sentiment there is not a warm or charitable or humane heart.

I CAN'T find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow," said the farmer. "You might use some of the fancy duds our boy Josh brought home from college," suggested his wife. "I'm only tryin' to scare the crows; not to make 'em laugh themselves to death."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

P. O. Address, Fenway Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

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Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit</i>	des

Bands of Mercy en Europe . Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
 Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Richmond, Virginia
 Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
 Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
 Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
 Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio
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 Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
 Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
 Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.

THE WORK OF MRS. NICHOLS

THE following testimonial to one of our field workers appeared recently in a newspaper of Boise, Idaho:

It is with sincere regret that the Idaho State Humane Society bids God-speed to one of its most loyal and valued members, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, who leaves this week for her new home in Seattle. Mrs. Nichols' work as the field secretary for Idaho of the American Humane Education Society has been one whose value is not easily estimated at present, but the results will be far reaching in the lives of the many children she has interested in being kind to all creatures.

Mrs. Nichols has been unsparing in giving her time and strength for every cause which means uplift of her fellow-beings, and her work among the school children of Boise and vicinity has not been the least of these. Through her efforts the Band of Mercy has over 1500 members among the children of the public schools.

THE SAN DIEGO LEAGUE

AT the annual meeting of the Humane Educational League of San Diego, California, held in July, Mrs. R. C. Hogue, who was largely instrumental in founding and organizing the League, and has been engaged in humane educational work in San Diego city and county for the past sixteen years under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the San Diego Humane Society, was re-elected general superintendent with headquarters at 1658 Front street.

As chairman of the literature department, Mrs. Hogue has spent much of her time distributing literature at the Southern Counties building at the Exposition, with Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, in charge of an exhibit of humane literature maintained by the American Humane Education Society. Mrs. Hogue has over a hundred stereopticon slides for use in connection with lectures which will be given during the coming school year in the city and county. A large number of bird pictures in life size and natural colors will be used in the suburban schools.

The objects of the League are the humane and moral instruction of children and the promotion of universal peace. It stands for the conservation of life on all planes and for the practice of the Golden Rule.

CHILDREN AND THE BIRDS

AS an evidence of the wide-spread efforts and success of the American Humane Education Society, Dr. Eugene Swope of Cincinnati informs us that he finds many Bands of Mercy among the school children of Ohio. Dr. Swope is the field agent for Ohio of the National Association of Audubon Societies. He has given two hundred lectures during the past nine months in behalf of wild life.

Through its educational work the National Association of Audubon Societies, like our Bands of Mercy, is gradually developing a new conscience in the younger generation towards bird life. Its work is carried on in the public schools of all the States. At the close of the school year in June the records showed that 205,339 school children had voluntarily joined Junior Bird Clubs and promised to become protectors of bird life. We have long felt that the vast majority of the more than four millions of young persons that have taken the pledge of the American Band of Mercy, founded in 1882, were staunch friends of the birds and ever ready to join in a movement having as its aim their protection and preservation.

BANDS OF MERCY IN MONTREAL

UNDER the auspices of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the first "Band of Mercy" was formed last week, and others will be started throughout Canada.

Miss Lucy Davis, 368 Kensington Avenue, Notre Dame de Grace, has been working for the past six months at the idea, and succeeded in enrolling 100 members. She then attended a recent meeting of the Canadian S. P. C. A. and made her request that she should be authorized by the Society to form these Bands of Mercy. School children will be asked to sign a pledge to be kind to all living creatures, and to try to protect them from cruel usage. These Bands are very successful in Great Britain and the United States. — *Montreal (P.Q.) Star*.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

YOU are invited to attend the fortieth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, Cincinnati, Ohio, October 16-19, 1916. There will be many new features at the meeting, including schools for humane methods, and a mass meeting of the school children of Cincinnati in the largest hall in the city with new humane film pictures. The last evening of the Convention will be devoted to a teachers' institute, showing how instructions in humane education may be given, accompanied by moving picture films. One afternoon session will be devoted to a full discussion of the American Red Star Animal Relief, recently organized by the American Humane Association at the request of the United States Secretary of War.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

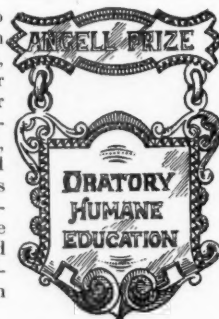
AS in former recent years, we are pleased to extend an appeal for funds on behalf of the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals. In spite of the difficulties arising as a result of the war, this Society has been extremely active during the past twelve months. We hope its appeal will be heeded by many generous friends, so that its work of mercy may be continued. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to Princess Mele Barese, president of the Society, 7 Chiatamone, Naples, Italy.

THE DIFFERENCE?

MEN say: "We arm not for war, but against war," and think they have said something. They have said nothing. You can't change a situation by altering a preposition. It makes no difference at all whether you arm for offense or defense — for war or against war. The effect is precisely the same, and the budgets are the same. England armed for defense, and Germany did the same, and they met at last on the field of blood. They did not want to fight. Every Englishman of note has said that within the last ten years. Every German in official position has said that Germany desired only the friendship of England. The Kaiser said it, and Marschall von Bieberstein and Prince Lichnowsky and Herr von Jagow and all the rest of them. You may say they were lying. I cannot go with you. I believe they were all honest men, and spoke the truth. The best men in Britain and Germany had no desire to fight. Those two great empires were driven to war by their guns. The expanding squadrons of battle-ships on the North Sea simply drove them irresistibly apart, snapping the ties made sacred by the memories of a thousand years. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON

ANGELL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere. We offer beautiful sterling silver medals at cost, \$1.75, by registered mail. This cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."



Remember The American Humane Education Society in your will

WAR

WAR is a science of destruction

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

WAR is a crime which involves all other crimes.

BROUGHAM

THE law is silent during war.

CICERO

IF Christian nations were nations of Christians there would be no wars.

SOAME JENYNS

BATTLES are never the end of war; for the dead must be buried and the cost of the conflict must be paid.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

THE measure of civilization in a people is to be found in its just appreciation of the wrongfulness of war.

HELPS

WAR suspends the rules of moral obligations, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated.

BURKE

WAR is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity: it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it.

MARTIN LUTHER

EVERY war involves a greater or less relapse into barbarism. War, indeed, in its details, is the essence of inhumanity. It dehumanizes. It may save the state but it destroys the citizen.

BOVEE

I HATE that drum's discordant sound
Parading round and round and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

JOHN SCOTT

CARRY his body hence!
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves;
So this man's eye is dim:
Throw the earth over him!

AUSTIN DOBSON

I ABOMINATE war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to involve all others — violence, blood, rapine, fraud; everything that can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.

BROUGHAM

WAR in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake.

CHARLES MACKAY

OF all the evils to public liberty war is perhaps the most to be dreaded, because it comprises and develops the genius of every other. War is the parent of armies; from these proceed debt and taxes.

MADISON

THE mad wickedness of war.

VIRGIL

WAR — the trade of barbarians.

NAPOLEON

THE poor souls for whom this hungry war opens its vast jaws.

SHAKESPEARE

WAR begun, hell let loose.

ITALIAN PROVERB

WAR is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings should not play at.

COWPER

MISERY and ruin to thousands are in the blast that announces the destructive demon (war).

BURNS

PEACE

THEY shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

ISAIAH

A PEACE is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

SHAKESPEARE

BUT the real and lasting victories are those of peace, and not of war.

EMERSON

PEACE and friendship with all mankind is our wisest policy, and I wish we may be permitted to pursue it.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

PEACE! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW

WHEN shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea?

TENNYSON

THERE never was a good war or a bad peace.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PEACE is the fairest form of happiness.

CHANNING

PEACE is the happy natural state of man; war his corruption, his disgrace.

THOMSON

BLESSEDNESS is promised to the peacemaker, not to the conqueror.

QUARLES

PEACE with a cudgel in hand is war.

PORTUGUESE PROVERB

PEACE is the masterpiece of reason.

MÜLLER

PEACE is the first duty of a citizen.

COUNT SCHULENBURG — KEHNERT

PEACE rules the day where reason rules the mind.

COLLINS

PEACE gives food to the husbandman, even in the midst of rocks; war brings misery to him even in the most fertile plains.

MENANDER

A TIME will come when the science of destruction shall bend before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers, which creates new products, which diffuses comfort and happiness among the great mass of the people, shall occupy in the general estimation of mankind that rank which reason and common-sense now assign to it.

ARAGO

OH first of human blessings! and supreme,
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
Live brothers like, in amity combin'd
And unsuspecting faith.

THOMSON

O PEACE! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blessed be the man divine, who gives us thee!

THOMSON

EARTH at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue —

I have seen her far away — for is not Earth as yet so young? —

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

TENNYSON

I HOPE it (peace) will come soon and come to stay;
and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



CATS AND INFANTILE PARALYSIS

SO much has been said in the newspapers in regard to the destruction of dogs and especially of cats, in connection with the infantile paralysis scare, that the following letter from W. K. Horton, general manager of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York City, may be of interest to our readers:

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

New York, July 29, 1916.

I am sorry to say that the figures of cats destroyed printed in the *Boston American* of July 26 are correct. Some one started the story that cats were carriers of the disease. The sensational press was quick to take this up and make all it could out of it. The result was that there was a stampede on the part of owners to get rid of their animals, and this was especially true in Brooklyn. We did what we could to check this useless sacrifice, but to no effect. We have yet to find any competent authority for the charge that cats communicate disease of any kind. The present Commissioner of Health here told me that there was "nothing on the cat," as disease carriers. Dr. Wade Hamilton Frost, of the United States Public Health Service, in charge of the physicians who are helping the local Board of Health in the fight against infantile paralysis, also exonerates the cat. Nevertheless, parents were panic-stricken, and swarmed to our receiving stations and to the police stations to give up their animals. We were overwhelmed with requests to call for cats. We are glad to say that, by adding to our equipment, increasing our force, keeping our automobiles and men at work from early morning until midnight and later of each day, including Sundays, we were able to meet the demands; if we had not been, thousands of animals would have been abandoned and turned adrift to live miserable lives on the street and finally to perish of starvation and exposure. It is a fact, though a regrettable one, that in one day we have destroyed as many as 6700 cats, and since the first day of July, nearly 90,000 unwanted cats have gone into the lethal chamber. This may seem like a frightful slaughter, but of course it is the only merciful disposition that could be made of these unwanted animals.

W. K. HORTON, General Manager

TO MY SPANIEL

BY ISABELLE FISKE CONANT

O, LITTLE friend, all human friends ex-
celling,

In never-failing love and perfect trust;
O, eyes of light, with kindness ever welling,
No one shall tell me thou art only dust.

Thy solace kept my day from being lonely,—
God useth little souls for purpose great,—
Ah, think not Heaven of man and angels only,
This angel-soul shall enter at the gate.

The little cherub-souls shall haste to meet him
Tells not the legend of great Raphael
And his dear, dumb companion? He shall greet
him,
Angelically, with "Thou hast done right well."

Here little children's souls would mourn without
thee,
And Heaven's fields and gardens need thy play,
God, who hath made thy faith, He cannot doubt
thee,
His handiwork, unworthy of Heaven's day.

DOG SAW THE DANGER

THE right kind of dog makes a splendid protector for the children. It seems to be the chosen occupation of certain breeds to watch the little toddlers when the parents' eyes are not upon them. How many times does the quick-witted, four-footed playmate and guardian keep the little ones from danger and harm! Instances are without number. The editor of the Fort Deposit (Alabama) *Clarion* sends us for publication the following true story related to him by his neighbor, a druggist:

This gentleman has a full-blooded, registered collie about one year and a half old. He also has a bright little boy of three. The little boy and dog are great friends. Wherever you see one you see the other.

Some time ago the little boy came down to the drug-store to pay his father a visit. Many trains pass here in the afternoon, and he asked his father to let him go outside and see them as they passed. His father gave him permission and the boy went out and stood at the edge of the pavement for awhile, the dog keeping close to his side. Soon a fast passenger train came along—one of those that doesn't stop but rushes past at about forty miles an hour. Child-like, the little fellow left the pavement and started to go nearer the track. After going a few steps the collie took hold of the boy's arm with his teeth and wouldn't let him go one step nearer the track until the fast train had passed on. The little boy scolded the dog, and struck him with his free hand, but the collie set back and held on to him until the express had gone by.

This is a true story, without frills or flourishes. That dog is worth his weight in gold, and proved to be much more careful with its charge than the average nurse would have been.

TO SEPARATE FIGHTING DOGS

APPLY to the nostrils a pinch of snuff or pepper, or a handkerchief wet with ammonia.

OUR Dumb Animals is entitled to a place at every fireside, and in every school-room throughout our land.—*Daily Evening Journal*, Salem, Oregon.

Old Apollo, Called "Pollo" for Short

By E. L. HYDE



AMONG the most delightful memories of my childhood are those connected with our dumb household pets. They of the speaking eyes, joyful barks, and wagging tails are with me still after the three score and ten years since last I heard their speech of loyal affection, an affection that never changed.

Apollo, the beautiful and intelligent English spaniel, was brought from Schenectady by one of my brothers

who graduated at Union College. I think I was between eight and nine years of age at the time I first looked into those true, loving, knowing eyes. I can, in fancy, see them now as with eager longing he stood ready for duty or sport. No human eyes could more clearly reveal true comradeship than could his.

What a beautiful creature he was in his curly suit of liver brown, with his clear hazel eyes and long sensitive ears ever attentive to your voice and expectant of your every expressed wish! He was companion, playmate, friend and servitor.

In the old home of my grandfather, Dr. Phineas Hyde, about one quarter of a mile from my home, lived three aunts of mine, and from our home my mother would often send good things to the people on the hill. No other messenger was needed than Apollo. He was always neatly dressed, had a bearing of responsibility, as if on duty bent, and was more than delighted to take the basket handle in his mouth and walk in a most dignified way down the main street, over the old stone bridge that spans the Mystic river, through the village and up to the place where he had been told to go. "Here Apollo, take this up to the Aunties!" We knew he would do what he was told, and he never failed. Again, something was wanted from the store some hundreds of feet down the street; a note was given him, and this he took to the store, gave to the clerk and waited for the thing ordered and brought it home. Once he was sent for eggs; all went well until the end of the return trip, when finding the gate closed he tried to jump the fence, which he did, but alas for the eggs. He was exceedingly mortified, it appeared, and could not give up his grief until he was assured that he was a good dog and it was all right. Then with voice and tail he resumed his usual care-free manner.

Once he took a walk with a party from the house, up on the bank of the raceway to the mill-pond. When they reached the house on their return, one of the ladies, a Miss Perry, a near relative of the Commodore, said, "I have lost my tortoise-shell comb!" My brother called Apollo, and taking hold of the skirt of the lady's dress said, "Apollo, this lady has lost something; go find it," and he went, coming back with the comb. Sometimes my father would hide his glove under a stone and on reaching home would say, "Apollo, go find my

glove." It would be found and the grateful errand doer showed his appreciation of the praise he received in language which told as well as human speech.

He delighted to play, "hunt the handkerchief." We would show him the handkerchief (or cap, it might be), then put hands over his eyes until the object was hidden, then "Go find it, Apollo," and away he would go, searching the lower levels first, but if the object had been put up high on the old seven-day English clock, up would go his nose, saying to us all, "There it is."

Shutting doors or gates when told always seemed to give him pleasure. Once my father came out of the front gate, and Apollo was with him, and at the order to shut the gate, the dog looked up the walk, the length of which he commanded with his eyes, but did not obey the order. The large old-fashioned syringa bush hid the walk from my father and he soon saw the reason why he was not obeyed, for walking down the path came a gentleman visitor, a West Point graduate, and Apollo was too much of a gentleman as well as a loyal resident of the United States to close the gate in the face of an officer of his country's army. After the gentleman had passed the portal, he sprang quickly to obey the order and shut the gate.

Apollo was a church-goer, but on one occasion his musical ear was so outraged when the minor notes of China sung by the choir came to him, that he mounted the seat, put his front feet upon the back of the pew, and facing the choir, gave a most disapproving howl. He went no more to church. At command he would spring up into a chair, sit down, hold out his fore paws for the newspaper, and then proceed to give us the news in sharp staccato barks, much to the amusement of the family. He would, at the word, be "a dead dog." You could pull him around and turn him over, but not by a sound or wink of the eye would he show that he was alive, yet his slightly opened watchful eye gave him away. Then when told "Up," he would spring to his feet barking.

When the cool days came and open fires were our delight father would come in at close of day and draw up in front of the fire. And rest assured, if "Pollo" was in the house, he would be there to do the act of capable servitor, watchful for the word from his master. Drawing off his long boots which he always wore during business hours, father would turn and say, "Pollo, take away my boots." They were taken and placed at the head of the bed in the nursery. "Bring my slippers." They were brought. "I think the fire needs some wood." Forth to the kitchen trotted the dog and brought in wood, stick by stick, until he heard the words, "That will do, Pollo." Then down on the rug he would drop, put his head between his paws, and soon his sharp low barks told us he had drifted away to the land of dreams and was talking in his sleep.

Accomplished as a setter and retriever, he won much praise for his talent on these lines, and when afield, even on a walk with one of the family, he was anxious to be on the hunt and would exercise far more than was best for him, for one hot day when very warm, he dashed into a brook but came more slowly out, had a chill, looked up at his companion, and was

gone to the land where faithful dogs go. Where is it? Has he gone to run after the chariots and the horses and be devoted to the horsemen thereof? No answer comes back to us out of the unknown. Where he died, there he was given back to mother earth with a stone from the drift at his feet and a faithful wild rose of the meadow to breathe its fragrance every spring-time as a tribute to a faithful, capable, happy companion. Curls from his long pendent ears were brought home, the family mourned the dear old dog with tears and my father said, "I do declare I will never own another dog, for it is like losing one of the family." And he never did.

A DOG OF NOBLE TRAITS

MY dog is a model of morality. He neither dissembles, lies, steals nor tipples. There is not a scintilla of hypocrisy in his nature. He is my congenial comrade and confidant, my rollicking, romping companion, my never-failing chum. He has never betrayed a single trust reposed in him, nor has he ever, for an instant, faltered or wavered in his loyalty to me. His sincere friendship is as reliable and unremitting as the attraction of gravitation, his loyalty is as constant as the poise of the magnetic needle to the pole.

He cannot be coaxed, bribed or otherwise influenced to betray me or to turn against me. He is the ever-willing, alert and obedient servant to my every beck and nod. He would at any time lay down his life in an effort to shield mine without asking a like sacrifice on my part. Such are some of the sterling traits of character evinced in the every-day life of my devoted, trusty friend and comrade.

J. W. HODGE, M.D.

BOY SCOUTS AND THE ANIMALS

A SCOUT is kind" is one of the laws to which all Scouts pledge their obedience. The kindness indicated in this law is primarily toward animals. The Scout is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

One of the most defenseless creatures is the ordinary bird, and there is no creature that is more a friend to man. Herbert K. Job, the great ornithologist, says that in one day the birds of the State of Iowa ate several thousand pounds of weed seeds and some wagon-loads of insects and worms, saving the farmer back-breaking work and helping him produce bumper crops of grain and other things. Three birds were killed to see what they had had for breakfast. Nine thousand weed seeds were found in their three stomachs, and not a seed of real value. We can easily afford the toll that they sometimes take in cherries and berries in return for the great service rendered.

So for selfish reasons, if no other, we ought to be kind to these feathered friends. In many places the Boy Scouts have built bird-houses and feeding trays in the parks and on the edges of the fields and woods. The idea of the houses is to attract the birds so that they will nest in yards and parks. The feeding trays are of special value in the winter when there is danger of the grain being covered with snow or blown away. The Scouts in Worcester, Massachusetts, fed the birds in the winter, when the snow prevented them from getting their natural food. They also supervised a large work among the younger school children, until the oats, wheat, cracked corn and cracker crumbs distributed must have been in thousands of pounds. Another way of helping the birds is to fasten pieces of

suet to the trees in the cold weather. Many birds have been saved from starvation in these various ways.

Still another way in which Scouts have helped is in reporting to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals cases of cruelty to horses—beating, overloading and under-feeding. In many ways they protect their four-footed friends from inhuman treatment. Then there is the cat left at home by summer vacationists, who needs attention. A good way for a Scout "to be kind to animals" is to look out for the homeless cats in his neighborhood. He may politely ask his friends or neighbors who are going to the country or the seashore if they have made arrangements for their cats to be taken care of when they are away. Scouts who live near summer resorts can see that cats are not left behind at the close of the season. One boy crawled yards through a sewer to rescue a little dog which had fallen into it. Other Scouts have stopped the vicious stoning of cats and dogs by young toughs. Altogether the animals must thank their Creator for their friends, the Boy Scouts.

Remember that brutality and cruelty to animals will soon make a cruel streak in your character, which is hard to wipe out. Be kind to the animals as you value your own character!

A PARADISE FOR ANIMALS

PIERRE LOTI, in his book on "India," repeatedly describes the fearlessness of animals in that country. He says: "My room was never closed, neither during the day or the night, and the birds of the air made their home with me; sparrows walked on the mats that covered the floor without even heeding my presence, and little squirrels, after an inquiring gaze, came in too, and ran over the furniture; and one morning I saw the crows perched on the corner of my mosquito net."

Describing the enchanted wood of Oodeypore, where are wild boars, monkeys, and a number of birds, flights of turtle-doves, and droves of parrots, he says: "Flocks of superb peacocks strut up and down among the dead trees, running with outstretched tails, the wondrous sheen of which looks like a spirit of green and incandescent metal. All these animals are free and unrestrained, yet their demeanor is not that of wild animals and birds, for in these lands, where they are never slain by man, the idea of flight does not animate them as it does at home."

This respect for animal life is not confined to the Buddhists or Jains, the sentiment is of much more ancient origin. Pierre Loti tells us that the horrors of death and slaughter, the sickening display of carcasses of animals are nowhere to be seen, for the people of Brahma do not eat anything that has ever lived. "In the place of such exhibitions, we see heaps of roses plucked from their stems, which are used in the making of essences, or simply to be woven into necklaces."



"BROWN-EYED DICK"

BY JAKE H. HARRISON

*He is just a common mongrel,
But has eyes of silky brown
That are scintillating magnets
As he goes around the town;
He is always kind and friendly
To the children when they meet,
And they hail him as a comrade
As he passes on the street.*

*He is never in a hurry,
Never chases cats around,
Neer lounges in the places
Where contentious dogs are found;
Has no master, has no kennel,
Has no home to call his own,
Has no pedigree to back him —
Just as "Brown-eyed Dick" is known.*

*But to know him is to love him
As you would a human friend;
For the slightest act of kindness
He is grateful to the end;
His expression is enticing
And his courtesy is grand,
For those brown eyes speak a language
That all hearts can understand.*

*Not a dog in town molests him
As he goes his quiet way,
Charming all with gay good humor,
But too dignified to play;
Those brown, scintillating magnets
And his gentle nature blend
In a pleasing combination,
That has made the world his friend.*

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirteen new Bands of Mercy were reported in July, of which 57 were in schools of Connecticut; 41 in Kentucky; seven in Maryland; three in Massachusetts; two in Maine; and one each in Georgia, Illinois and Washington. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Brookline, Massachusetts: Towser.
Lynn, Massachusetts: Dorothea Osgood Kindergarten.
Roxbury, Massachusetts: F. R. Langley Humane Soc., Div. 17.

Lisbon Falls, Maine: Baptist S.S.; Methodist S.S.

Schools in Connecticut

Norwalk: Over River, 8; Marvin, 8; Center, 10; Franklin, 4; Wall St., 4; Washington, 8; Fitch, 8; Lincoln, 7.

Annapolis, Maryland: Parochial School, 7.

Bands in Kentucky

Blue River: Buckeye.
Bonanza: Boys; Girls.
Cliff: Syracuse.
Dock: Spurlock; Conley.
Falcon: Silver Maple.
Hippo: Raccoon; Lick Fork.
Hueysville: Grassy.
Lackey: Blue Ribbon; Willing Workers; Wicker; Ball Branch; Willow; Meadow; Triplett; Happy; Beaver.
Middle Creek: Happy Hollow, 2; Beech Branch.
Mid: Bunker Hill.
Oil Springs: Oil Springs; Medina.
Ordway: Whitley.
Prestonsburg: Longfellow; Whittier.
Pyramid: Pittsford.
Salyersville: State Road.
Sublett: Sunshine; Moonbeam; Arnett.
Swampton: Rainbow.
Wayland: Green Hills; Pleasant Valley; Mountain; Bryant; Frances Willard.
Wireman: Buck Creek; Salt Lick.
Atlanta, Georgia: Sunday School Class.
Lebanon, Illinois: L. T. L.
North Yakima, Washington: North Yakima.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 102,569

SUCCESSFUL BIRD-BOX CONTEST

IN response to our offer of several prizes in the bird-box contest conducted by the Grange at Warwick, Massachusetts, President Rowley received the following appreciative letter from Mr. Charles E. Bass of the local committee:

Warwick Grange wishes to thank you for your interest and generous prizes to our boys and girls in the bird-box contest. There were sixty-nine boxes made and put up. Those winning prizes were: Chester Anderson, \$3; Harry Stange, \$2; Elmer Record, \$1; Florence Allen, \$1; Percy Thompson, .50; Greta Ohlson, .50; and Maurice Manning and Albert Ohlson, subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*.

And hark! how blithe the throistle sings!

He too is no mean preacher:

Come forth into the light of things,

Let nature be your teacher.

WORDSWORTH

Rabbits Play Hide and Seek

By GEORGE L. KIRK

THAT animals in a wild state play, particularly young ones, is an accepted fact, but such frolics are usually confined to acts like the pawing of various articles by kittens, the chasing of companions by squirrels, the rolling of puppies and the like. Reports of anything like games requiring coordinate thought such as a child might put into its amusement are extremely rare and it has been the writer's privilege to witness such an act once only in twenty-five years' experience as a field naturalist. The subjects were cottontail rabbits and they were indulging in a game of hide and seek with all the enthusiasm, apparently, of a group of happy boys and girls.

place, but in one instance the chase extended beyond my range of vision and the rabbits were seen no more. The rabbits did much squealing during the maneuvers, seeming to take great delight in their antics. The game was still in progress when I tired of the scene and left.

To see so many cottontails congregated together at one spot at a season when there were no young and the collection could not possibly have been a single family, and to find so many individuals in daylight when this species is usually abroad only at night, was very unusual. The writer could not convince himself that the cottontails were together in the swamp for any other purpose than a frolic.



"THE FAMILIAR ATTITUDE OF BUNNY"

It was a mild day in late March when only an occasional patch of snow was left from the winter's deposit and everything under foot was very wet. Standing on the edge of an alder swamp, which was bordered by a brushy pasture, listening intently for the note of a possible early bluebird or song-sparrow, I suddenly became aware that there was something alive close to me, huddled under leafless bushes, and closer observation revealed the form of a cottontail. Slight movements on the part of the animal almost immediately attracted my attention to five others squatting in the familiar attitude of bunny.

Some of them were not more than three feet distant from me and, although I had been in the same spot some minutes, they seemed to pay not the slightest attention to me, soon hopping about and some of them approaching so close that I could have touched them with the short walking-stick I carried.

Suddenly, uttering a squeal-like noise, one left the group and ran off at full speed through the sparsely distributed hardback bushes of the pasture. It had a start of forty feet when another followed it, taking the exact course of the leader. The first rabbit jumped quickly to one side after running about 150 feet and squatted behind a bush and the animal which was doing the chasing overran and, apparently, lost sight of it. Then the second rabbit to leave the group set up a cry and hopped slowly about as though seeking the other animal which sneaked slowly back under cover of the shrubbery and hid under a fallen tree-top near where I stood on a rise of ground where I could witness proceedings well.

Several such races were observed within a few minutes. In nearly every instance the chaser overran and the leader returned to the starting

HOW LONG DO THE BANDS OF MERCY LAST?

WE have at this writing (March, 1901) forty-five thousand one hundred and two Bands of Mercy, formed by our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or through their influence, in every State and Territory of our own country and widely over the world. Every Band must number thirty members and some of them number many hundreds.

How long will they last?

Of course the classes in all our schools are entering, graduating and changing every year. While in many cases the new-comers are received into old Bands and the same Bands continue through several years, yet very often new Bands must be formed, but I think the influence of no Band once formed will ever be lost. The formation of a Band, the signing of the pledge, the address or addresses that precede its formation—the various humane publications, songs, addresses, stories, lessons, information and *Our Dumb Animals for one year*, all of which we send gratuitously to every new Band formed (saying nothing of the badges worn by many of them) will never be forgotten by the members.

When I am asked how long any Band of Mercy's influence will last, I answer: "Not only as long as its members live (for they will never forget the kind acts they have been led to do, or the kind words they have been led to say) but perhaps as long as their children and children's children live."

Who can say where the kind teachings of a single Band will end! They may live as long as the world lasts.

GEO. T. ANGELL

CHILDREN'S PAGE

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY WALTER WELLMAN



AN OLD FAVORITE

BY MILDRED LAVOIE

HE was a big, burly, St. Bernard dog with long light brown hair slightly curled, and a pair of lovely brown eyes the orbs of which seemed to penetrate into one's very heart. He



OLD PRINCE

was kept mostly in the orchard to ward off intruders who attempted to steal apples; but his usefulness had no limit.

He was a source of constant joy to the children and deemed it his sacred duty to escort them safely to school in the morning and go meet them and bring them home at night, and should they venture too near the street he was right after them, and, in some cases, should they be very balky, he would drag them on to the sidewalk by their clothing. No chastisement was allowed while he was around for he would always grab the stick and chew it into little, tiny bits. In doing errands he could not be excelled, and once, when sent to a butcher shop, the butcher gave him a bone. Every day after that he made a regular call on the same butcher at about the same hour, and asked, as best he could, with his eyes: "Have you a bone for me today?" The butcher always gave him one.

He was a very knowing animal and displayed more intelligence at times than some ordinary people. When he was scolded he hung his head and sometimes would whimper; but when patted and told what a good old sport he was, then he would wag his tail and display all sorts of performances to acknowledge his delight.

I had a little snow-white kitten once who delighted in climbing all over him and tickling his ears. He was very fond of her, nevertheless, and woe betide any other dog who ventured too near her. Once we went on a picnic and I brought my big Paris doll with me. On going home I discovered I had left it in the woods which meant a two-mile walk back for it; but what do you think? Dear old Prince, as he was called, came running down the road with the doll in his mouth.

Prince lived to be a very old dog, and even to this day, although he has been dead a number of years, whenever I see a St. Bernard dog I always recall the good old days when he was alive.

A HARVEST RESCUE

BY ELLEN D. MASTERS

TWAS harvest-time at Rosedale Farm;
The wheat was ripe, the sun was warm.

While o'er the fields the reaper wound,
The waving wheat was mowed and bound.

And then a pair of whirring wings
Flew up before the great steel things

That cut the graceful, waving wheat
And tied it up in bundles neat.

Billy and Ned ran in between
The standing wheat and the big machine;

Ah, yes, 'twas true — just as they guessed!
"Stop! stop! We've found a partridge nest!"

So that is why the little square
Of wheat stands 'mid the stubble there.

And that is why the whirring wings
Flew back to warm the precious things —

The dozen tiny chicks that rest
All safely 'neath the mother-breast,

While Bob-White calls, in proud refrain.
His name from fields of garnered grain.

YOUR CHRISTMAS—THEIR
CHRISTMAS

DON'T you, whether a grown person or a child, wish to spend a pleasant Christmas in the thought that you have done some good, not only on Christmas Day but on ALL THE DAYS between now and Christmas? Here is how you can do it:

Get a small bank, or an improvised one in the form of a box. Every day, or as many times a day as you can or wish—and get your friends to do so, also—drop a coin, small or large, in this bank. Let these coins accumulate until Christmas Day, for the benefit of animal welfare work, and send the deposits to our Society for any of the four WORTHY causes you are interested in, namely:

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" VACATION HOME

This idea should appeal to all enthusiastic humane people, to children of Bands of Mercy, and to those in Sunday and day schools. Aside from the practical benefit, it will be a daily reminder and an incentive to further the humane cause morally. These deposits can be sent to us any time after Christmas, or monthly, or any time before the end of the year, the senders indicating to which of the four humane causes they wish such funds credited. Near this bank or box (which can be placed conspicuously to attract the gifts of visitors) should be a large card, bearing the appeal:

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

By placing a coin in this box, the proceeds of which will go to the work of PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS as a CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ANIMAL WELFARE WORK.

THE MORE YOU GIVE THE BETTER YOU WILL FEEL, for there is NO GREATER SATISFACTION than the thought that you "SPEAK (AND GIVE) for those WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

Help us to help those who cannot help themselves. DO IT NOW!

"THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS MONEY"

MR. C. L. MARTZOLFF, writing on the above subject in the *American Lutheran Survey*, says:

The writer cannot even imagine how he would feel if he had a million dollars to give away. He believes, however, he would have two purposes in mind—one to select a new field, where there is an actual need, and the other, to make such a bequest as to reach the largest number of people possible.

There comes to mind at this time three very important fields where wealth could well be given.

First, the work of humane societies. Usually this important work is conducted by a few consecrated men and women, who give time, labor and money without any wish of recompense. They struggle along, for there are few humane societies in the country but are restricted in their operations through the lack of funds. The humane society not only looks after animals, but men, women and children as well. There are hundreds of towns, cities and counties in the United States destitute of even a semblance of such an organization. The income from a few millions of some man's wealth would conduct a propaganda, which, in a few years, would see the laudable work of the humane society in every section of the nation.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.
FOR JULY, 1916

Bequests of \$2000 from Miss M. S. of Newton, \$500 from Mrs. S. E. P. F. of Byfield and \$100 (additional) from Mrs. M. C. C. W. of Cambridge.

Members and Donors

Dr. W. L. R., \$100., Mrs. G. S. S., \$100., R. M., \$100., E. A. H., \$20., sundry donations, \$15.17., J. L. P., \$15., Mrs. R. S. R., \$15., Miss M. P. B., \$3., Mrs. A. B. C., \$2.50., "Little One," .25., sundry donations for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$25.56., E. E. H., \$12., Miss M., \$5.75., and for the Vacation Home for Horses, Miss A. F. H. and others, \$35.

TEN DOLLARS EACH

Miss C. A. C., Mrs. G. R. S., Miss H. H. H., Mr. and Mrs. F. B. T., Miss H. G. G., Miss A. P., Mrs. H. W. W., C. M. B., L. O. G., E. N. F. Jr., J. C., W. R. S., Prof. A. P., Miss M. J. E. H. A. P., Miss M. A. S., R. W. M. Jr., Miss M. W., Mr. and Mrs. P. A. C., Miss H. M., Miss M. W., F. R. W.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH

Dr. J. M. B., Miss E. H., Mrs. W. H. H., Miss M. E. H., E. J. W., Miss F. A. C., Miss M. M. B., Mrs. W. C. S., Rev. J. A. H., Miss C. M. B., W. C. of N., Mrs. A. B. T., J. H. C., Mrs. C. H. J., H. C., Mrs. L. M. P., H. S. P. Jr., Miss S. B. H., M. L. R., Miss M. A. M., M. R. H., W. H. S., G. F., B. P. B., J. H. H., Rev. L. P. C., Mrs. C. H. G., N. B., Mrs. S. D. B., Mrs. L. A. E., "a friend," C. D. T., D. B. F., Miss F. A. S., Mrs. J. W. H., Mrs. H. C. S., Miss E. B. S., Miss S. S. B., L. D. B., Mrs. J. R. McC., Miss R. W., Mrs. H. A. P., Miss I. H., Mrs. F. E. B., Miss M. A., R. E. M., F. D. G., N. A. P., H. C. P., and for the Angell Memorial Hospital R. H., Dr. E. H. B., Miss G. H., Mrs. C. F. W., Mrs. E. F. S., R. H., Miss E. A. L., Dr. A. W. G., S. McM., Mrs. C. F. W., Mrs. C. H. W., D. V. S., Mrs. M. G. H.

Summer Work and Horses' Vacation

Mrs. M. K. B., \$50., a friend, \$50., R. S., \$20., Mrs. H. S. G., \$10., Miss M. D. S., \$10., H. C. T., \$10., Mrs. T. C., \$10., Miss A. F. M., \$10., Miss E. A. H., \$10., Mrs. H. F. V., \$10., Mrs. F. C. H., \$10., Mrs. R. S. R., \$10., A. H. E., \$10., Miss H. M., \$10., Hobokus, N. J., "in memory of my pet cat," \$10., Mrs. M. E. W., \$7., A. F. M., \$5., Miss J. M., \$5., F. D. G., N. A. P., \$5., Miss D. T., \$5., W. D. S., \$5., R. R. R., \$5., Mrs. H. W. S., \$5., Mrs. O. H. R., \$5., Mrs. I. S. G., \$5., Miss E. R. S., \$5., Mrs. J. S. M., \$5., Mrs. A. H., \$5., Mrs. J. R. B., "in memory of Kits," \$5., Miss M. P. B., \$3., Miss E. H., \$2., Mrs. W. H. H., \$2., Mrs. J. M. W., \$2., A. C. C., \$2., Mrs. C. W. McC., \$2., Miss M. B. H., \$2., B. H. S., \$2., Mrs. S. W. D., \$2., Mrs. W. H. F., \$2., Mrs. E. B., \$2., Mrs. A. A. H., \$1., Mrs. E. L. J., "in memory of my pet dog," \$1., Miss E. McG., \$1., Mrs. S. F. W., \$1., The Misses B., \$1. Interest and sundries \$423.33. Total \$4232.56. The American Humane Education Society, \$750.

Subscribers

J. R., \$43.43, Joseph C. Whipple, \$10.63, Mrs. S. F. S., \$10., Mrs. E. G. S. M., \$10., E. F. C., \$9.50, A. A. F., \$2.50, Mrs. W. J. S., \$2.50, F. S. B., \$2., C. R., \$2., A. T. S., \$2., Mrs. R. C. H., \$2., Mrs. G. W., \$2., Mrs. S. F. W., \$2., E. A. W., \$1.50, W. H. G., \$1.20.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

Miss A. E. N., E. K. W., C. N. P., Mrs. J. K. H., D. L. S., H. I. S., Mrs. E. P. A., Mrs. C. W. L., A. J. P., R. D. K., Miss E. C. P. W., G. H. K., A. G. C., Mrs. A. S. L., Mrs. A. M., M. L., Mrs. M. C. W., H. W. T., W. B., G. M. H., T. McN. Co., Mrs. H. F. T., A. L. S., A. N. N., Mrs. R. D. S., E. B., A. F. S., C. E. D., H. H. W., Mrs. C. J. L., Mrs. R. E. H., R. C., Miss E. S., C. M. M., M. H. H., W. L., E. W. L., Prof. E. C. B., A. G. B., V. R., L. F. F., Mrs. P. S. B., T. B. S. All others, \$8.10. Total \$154.36. Sales of publications, ambulance, etc., \$727.75.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR JULY, 1916

Bequest of a friend, \$188.; a R. I. friend, \$214.94; Mrs. G. G. W., \$100.; a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$85.59; Mrs. T. C., \$8.50; Mrs. W. G. G., \$6.; Illinois Humane Society, \$6.; Erie Co. S. P. C. A., \$3.60; B. & T. Co., \$2.10; N. O., \$1.86; Miss E. R., \$1.72; Mrs. H. C., \$1.25; E. S., \$1.13; Miss G., \$1.13; Mrs. D. D. M., \$1.; Mrs. H. S. C., \$1.; Mrs. A. N. L., \$1.; M. I. B., \$1. Small sales, \$12.72. Interest, \$132.63.

IT is impossible to imagine anything that better becomes a ruler than mercy.

SENECA, De Clementia

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

NOT LOST—BUT GAINED

MARTHA JOSEPHINE ATKINS in *Boston Sunday Post*

In appreciation of Jeremiah Murphy's act of kindness in trying to replace on a roof a nest of newly hatched sparrows. He broke through the glass covering a shaft, falling nine stories.

CALL not that act of kindness lost,
Though in the doing life the cost.

The cost? So far as mortal view;

The gain, we'd say, if we but knew

The great reward—that fuller life—

Where, praise of good deeds ever rife,

No grander thought can angels send

Than "He was his dumb brothers' friend."

He answered "Here" at duty's call.

The God who notes each sparrow's fall

Recorded name of hero brave

Who gave his heart to succor, save;

Responded he to birdling's cry

As nobly as though called to die

On battle-field at beck of kings;

No cannon's voice his requiem sings.

Bul sweeter, borne upon the breeze,

Come Christ's own words, "As unto these

My little ones, ye've done to Me."

Love's sacrifice, each Calvary,

Bul opens fairer vistas grand,

Blest entrance to the Better Land.

So grieving hearts, mourn not he gives

This life, for now he truly lives.

WE say grace when we are going to cut up lamb and chicken, and offer up our best praises to the Creator for having blown and sabred his images, our fellow-creatures, to atoms and drenched them in blood and dirt.

LEIGH HUNT

FRENCH scientists, we read recently, have decided that carrier pigeons are influenced by magnetism and that, with the growth of wireless telegraphy, much less dependence can be placed on them.

ALL delegates to the Cincinnati Convention should go prepared to still further the "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" WEEK and "HUMANITY SUNDAY MOVEMENT" which has, so far, met with such unparalleled success in promoting the humane cause.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals. The Societies solicit correspondence and will be glad to furnish all further details.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 60 cents.
Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all
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when less than full price is received).
Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for
terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle
the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	35 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

All members of either Society receive **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** free. Checks and other payments may be sent
to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETIES:

180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is the official organ of all our
Societies.

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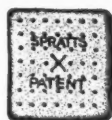
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